

THE WISH.

Mather
Written by Dr. POPE Fellow of the
ROYAL SOCIETY.

Hæc satis est orare Fovem. Hor.
— nil —
Divitiæ poterint regales addere majus. Id.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCXCVII.

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W I S H.

Written by Dr. POPE Fellow of the
ROYAL SOCIETY.

Hæc sunt ejus omnia poemata. Hor.
— in —
Dignis poterint regibus addere majus. Id.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCXCVII.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Lord Clifford,

Grandson and Heir to

Richard E. of Burlington and Cork,

A N D

One of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's

B E D - C H A M B E R.

MY LORD,

THE Honour and Respect which I had for your Lordships Father, is not wholly unknown to you; as also, with what Condescension, Familiarity, and Kindness, he always used me. I own, those Days which I spent in his Lordship's Conversation in *France*, were without Comparison, the very best Part of my Life. I design'd to have made my Gratitude Public; and to that End, Composed a small Treatise, and Dedicated it to him, which he not only saw, but was also pleased graciously to accept: But before I could get it Printed, he died, to the great Loss of the Public, and all good Men; but to none so much as me, for my Dammage is irreparable, unless your Lordship succeeds

A 2

him

him in his Favour to me, as you do in his Honour and Ver-
tues, which I hope, but dare not expect.

I humbly present your Lordship with this Copy of Ver-
ses, an Earnest of something of a greater Bulk, but I dare
not say of a better Composition; for if the Approbation of
my Friends, has not imposed upon my Curiosity, and my
Taste does not deceive me, this is the most kindly, and
palatable Fruit, that ever my Cultivation has produc'd: I
wish it were worthy your Acceptation; however, I hope, I
am excusable, having offer'd to your Lordship the best of
my Substances. I conclude, begging pardon for my Pro-
sumption, and praying Heaven to continue, and increase the
Felicities of your noble Family. I am,

One of the Gentlemen of His Majesty's

My LORD,

your Lordship's most humble,
I HE Honour and respect which I had for your
Lordship's Father, is not wholly unknown to you;
and a Servant
Kindness, he always used me. I own, those Days which I
spent in his Lordship's Conversation in France, were without
Comparison, the very best Part of my Life. I design'd to
have made my Gratitude Public; and to that End, Com-
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Public, and all good Men; due to none so much as me, for
my Distin-
guish'd

W. POPE.

THE
PROLOGUE
TO THE
WISH;

Being a Parafrase on these Verses of *Horace*.

Q*uid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates, quid orat? de patera novum
Fundens Liquorem? Hor. Ode 31. Lib. 1.*

*Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia Rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit, Rugosus frigore Pagus.
Quid sentire putas? Quid credis Amice precari? Id. Ep. 18. Lib. 1.*

That is,

When Poets offering at *Apollo's Shrine*,
Out of the sacred Goblets pour new Wine,
What do they wish? what do they then desire?

When I'm at *Epsom*, or on *Bansted-Down*,
Free from the Wine, and Smoak, and Noise o'th' Town,
When I those Waters drink, and breath that Air,
What are my Thoughts? what's my continual Prayer?

THE PROLOGUE

TO THE

WISDOM

Being a Paraphrase on the 7th of Horace.

What's the use of being wise?
What's the use of being wise?
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What's the use of being wise?
What's the use of being wise?
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That is,

When Poes offering at Apollo's Shrine,
Out of the sacred Goblets pour new Wine,
What do they wish? what do they then desire?

When I sit at Eposon, or on Gashed Down,
Free from the Wine, and Smoak, and Noise o' th' Town,
When I shole Waters drink, and breath that Air,
What are my Thoughts? what's my continual Prayer?

THE W I S H.

IF I live to be Old, ' for I find I go 'dow'n,
Let this be my Fate. In a ' Country Town,
May I have a warm House, with a ' Stone at the Gate,
And a ' cleanly young Girl, to rub my bald pate.

C H O R U S.

May I govern my ' Passion with an absolute Sway,
And grow ' Wiser, and Better as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle decay.

Krom en stiff, van Ouderdom gheboghen.

Crooked, and stiff, and bow'd with Age.

La lunga Eta m' imbianchi il Crine;

E la Vecchiezza pur in incurvi, e premea. **Petr.**

Vedendo la notte, e'l verno a tado.

E dopo le Spalle, i mesi Gai. **Petr.**

That is,

With Snowy Hairs, Temples with Furrows plow'd;

And by the Weight of Years, my Body bow'd.

Winter, and an eternal Night comes on;

And all my merry Years, and Days are gone.

*Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis, & instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitaque morti. Hor.
Ocyor Cervis, & agente Ventos
Ocyor Enro.-Id.*

That is

Years fly away, nor can our Piety stop
The approach of wrinkled Age, and certain Death,
Swifter than Harts, or Wind.

Ocyor & Cæli flammis, & Tigride festæ. Lucan.

Swifter than Lightning, and Tigris new with young.

Son giunto a' loco,

Ove vita scende, chi al fin cade. Petr.

Sondo Jo cola giunto ove declina.

L' Etate omai cadente, e la vecchiaia. Id.

La vita fugge, e non s'arresta un' hora.

E la Morte vien dietro a gran giornate. Id.

Morte gia per ferir ha' alzato il braccio,

Per l'esser me giurato de mia vita.

Rotto da gli anni, e d'ul camino stanco. Id.

Volan l' hore, e i giorni, egli anni, e i mesi,

E con brevissimo intervallo,

Habbiamo a cercar altri paesi. Id.

E bien che il giorno che la vita serra

Sia forse assai vicino e non previsto. Tasso.

La vita fugge, e la morte e souna le spalle. I Petr.

La morte s' appressa, e el viver fugge,

I di miei piu leggier che nissun Ceruo,

Fuggon come ombre. Id.

I di miei piu correnti che Smerla,

Fra miserie, e peccati, e Body bow'd.

Se son andati e Sol morte u' aspetta.

Non corse mai si lieuamente a' varca

Di fugitivo Cervo un Leopardo. Id.
Non posso il giorno che la vita ferra.
Antiveder per la corporea Valle
Ma variarfi il pelo.
Veggio, e dentro cangiarfi ogni desire,
Hor che l' me credo al tempo de'l partire,
Esser vicino: o non molto d'a Lungo. Id.

Mai non uscì Veltro di Catania,
Ne mai Sietta, d' Arco fu mandata,
Ne falcon mai d'al Ciel discese a Valle,
Che non restasse a lei dietro alle Spalle. Boiardo.

Falcon mai non fu sì veloce
Quando dal Ciel in giù con gran ruina
Vien a la preda rapido e feroce. Agostini.
Sì presto s'en fugge e sì leggiero,
Ch'è tardo a seguirlo, onca o'l pensiero. Q. Marini.

Pui lento di molto e men Veloce
Giran Turco, o Parto, da grand' ossa arcata,
Da concavo mett'al globo di piambo.
E da racchiusa Valle il Turbo Shacca,
O da Squarciata nube il fulgor Scocca.
Rondine sopra rio Vola men presta. Bracciol.
Non si rapida mai Cerva da l'onde,
Dore il Arcier attende a rivolge il piede,
Ne d' avanti a Sparrier per l' arria pura,
Sua salute a cercar Tartara Vola. Idem.

E va men presto
Fulgore che per nube ardendo scoppia. Idem.

Ons tijt gaet, als een snelle stroom.
Ons zijn als skrymmen van een doorn. Jac. Cats.

Which may be thus Translated.

I am thither come,

Where Life makes haste down, and grows near its end
In my Old Age, and with one Foot ith' Grave,
Life flies apace, and does not rest one Hour,
And Death makes great Marches to overtake her

With his hand lifted up ready to strike

In the last Day of Life

Broken with Years, and tired with the long Way

The Hours, Days, Months and Years, do swiftly pass

All of us here in a small Space of Time

Must march from hence, and other Quarters seek

I can't foresee the last Day of my Life

Altho perhaps it may not be far off

Life flies away and Death treads on his Heels

Life flies, and Death comes nearer every Hour

My Days are swifter than a Hart or Arrow

No Leopard ever ran so fast

After a flying Bear.

I can't foresee thro' my corporeal Veil

The precise Day whereon my Life shall end

But I perceive by my change of Hair and Thoughts

There's little distance betwixt me and Death

The fleetest Greyhound slip after a Hare

The Arrow shot with great strength from a Bow

The Falcon stooping at his Prey is th' swiftest

Are Slow, if with Life's Swiftness they compare

Times course so nimble is, and light

No Leopard, nor no Thought can move so fast

Much more slow,

Are Arrows sent from Turc, or Partisan Bow

Faster than Globe of Lead

From Concave-Metal, or Lightning flies from Heaven

Swallows upon a River, fly more slow

Faster than a Hart

Who's seen a Huntsman, with his Gun in hand

Faster than from a Hawk, the Turtle flies

To save her Life, or Lightning from the Skies

Time passes faster than the swiftest Stream

Our Life is as the Shadow of a Dream

O Rus quando ego te vidimus quandoque libet

Nunc veteram libris, nunc solum & interibit baris

Ducere sollicita iucunda oblivia vita

(8.)

That is

Oh Country! when shall I retire to thee
With a few Books well chose, and a true Friend,
Free from the hurries which great Towns attend,
Lead such a Life the Gods shall envy me?

*By the help whereof, I may mount my easie Pad Nag, mention-
ed in the Third Stanza; in the West of England, they call it an
Upping-stock.

Qua non offendat sordibus, Hor.

That is,

One whose Look may not turn your Stomach.

Animum rege qui nisi pareat

Imperat, hunc Frenis, hunc tu compeſce Carenis.

That is,

Over your Passions, keep a watchful hand,
For if they don't obey, they will command.

Lenior, & melior ſiam, accedento Senectæ. Hor.

That is,

Milder and better may I be
The nearer I approach to my last Day.

II

May my little house stand on the Side of a hill;
With an easy Descent, to a Mead, and a Mill;
That when I be a mind, I may hear my Boy read,
In the Mill, if it rains, if it's dry, in the Mead.
May I govern, &c.

Parva ſed apta Domus. i. e. A little but convenient Houſe.

Cheto annidarmi in regirato. Albergò.

Senza mai paventar d' Arme od' Armati,

Forze, inſidie, rapine, Oltraggi, aguati. Imp.

B 2

That

That is,

In a retired and quiet Cell,
 From Soldiers free, and dire Effects of Arms,
 Thefts, Robberies, Murders, Insults, Rapes, Alarms,
 May I in Peace and Safety dwell.

*Chi fu di grunco il suol, di Canne al Mauro,
 E di fraschi, e di paglie il tetto inteso,
 Consumero con gioia il tempo, e le bore,
 E sia che forida d'auer bel cerchio al meno.
 Si non di Lauro il Crin, d'uliva il Seno. Imperiale.*

That is,

In quiet Cottage with green Rushes pav'd,
 And wall'd about with Reeds together joyn'd.
 Cover'd with Straw, or Boughs oth' Neighb'ring Trees.
 I could spend all my Life, in Joy, and Ease,
 And tho' to crown my Head no Bays I find,
 The Peaceful Olive shall adorn my Mind.

*Beato chi in parte Ermo, e lontano,
 Chi d'al Vulgo, e dal mondo, hor ti sequestri.
 E' l'vasto mar de le miserie umane
 Mirando vai da quelli scogli Alpestri,
 Bella tranquillita, che men villano,
 Le belue sono, e gli animal Silvestri
 Che non e l'hom, men fido e men Sincero,
 Che quanto fera è men, tanto è piu fero.
 Qui non poss'esser d'arti, o d'armi impresso
 Con pompa d'ornamenti ricoperto,
 Ma bella di natura, erbe, cipresse,
 Palme, Valli, boschetti, opre piu rare,
 Fontane a rivo rami e spesse
 Cantan semplici Augeli note piu chiare.
 Che'l finto suon di lusinguera voce,
 Ch' a' l'Orecchie piacendo, al'Alma noc.* Bracciolini.

In English thus,

Happy are they, if any such there be,
Who flye retir'd from worldly Business free,
In some remote and solitary place,
Sequester'd from the Vulgar and the World,
Who see with Scorn from the Alps snowy Tops,
The immense Sea of human Misery:
Oh blest Tranquility! Oh heavenly Life!
And better Company of Beasts than men!
For men less faithful are, and less sincere,
The best Man comes the nearest to a Beast.
Instead of Marble Pillars here are seen
Tall Pyramids of Cypress always green,
Then arch'd and gilded Roofs, the azure Sky
Heavens Canopy, yields more Delight to th' Eye.
Palms, Myrtle Groves, Green Valleys, Mountains, Hills:
And Springs branch'd into various murmuring Rills
Here the untaught Bird sings his natural Song,
More valuable than Sirens vocal Art,
Pleasant to th' Ear, and hurtful to the Heart.

¹ Neither on the Top, or the Bottom, the best situation for a House, or a City, affording both Conveniency of Cellars, and a Descent to carry off the Waters.

² It will be thought the Old Man has made a very ill Choice of a Mill to hear his Boy read in, but they who make this Objection, either know not, or at least do not consider, that Noise helps Deafness, which is incident to Old Age. That this is a Truth, both Experience and Reason evidence.

I have known several, who could hear little or nothing in their Chambers, but when they were in a Coach rattling upon the Stones, heard very well. I also knew a Lady in *Essex*, whose Name was *Tyriel*, who while she had occasion to discourse, used to beat a great Drum, without which, she could not hear at all; the Reason whereof is this, The most frequent Cause of Deafness, is the Relaxation of the *Tympanum*, or Drum of the Ear, which by this violent and continual Agitation of the Air, is extended, and made more Tight, and Springy, and better reflects Sounds, like a Drum new brac'd.

III.

Near a shady 'Grove, and a murmuring Brook;
 With the Ocean at 'Distance, whereupon I may look,
 With a spacious Plain, without pedge or Stile,
 And an easy Pad-Rag, to ride out a 'Gill,
 May I govern, &c.

Et paulum silva super his foret. Hor.

That is,

And on my Land a little Tuft of Trees.

*Fons etiam Rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec
 Frigidior Thracum, neq; purior ambia Hebrum.* Id.
Et recto vicinus Jugis Idem Id.

That is,

And near my House a Spring that always flows.

*Labuntur altis interim ripis aque.
 Fontesq; lymphis obstrepunt manantibus
 Somnos quod invitet leves.* Hor.

Per praeum trepidans cum murmure rivum. Id.
Lavis crepante lymphis defluis Pede. Id.
Unde loquaces.

Lymphis defluis. Idem.

The Sense whereof is this,

And a Spring fit to give a River Name
 Colder than it, none are in Thracia found
 Clearer than it, none Hebrus Hill surround.
 The Noise of Water rumbling down the Hills
 And bubbling of the Springs provoking Sleep.
 Runs murmuring as if it were afraid,
 Runs nimbly down the Hill and Music makes
 With creaking of its liquid Shoes.
 Waters in their Descent talking aloud.

*Un Fonte ch' a bagnar invita
La labbra, alto cader da un vivo sasso*

That is,

**A Clear Spring issuing from a Rock'
Inviting thirsty Travellers to drink.**

Chiara Fontana

*Sorgea d' un sasso, e acque fresche e dolci
Spargea souamente mormorando. Pet.*

That is,

**A copious Spring pouring down from a Rock,
Its Waters cold as Ice, and clear as Crystal.**

*Il roco mormorar di lucia onde
S' ode de una fiorita e fresca riva.*

That is,

**Upon the cool and flowry Bank of th' River
We heard the hoarse Sound of the murmuring Waters.**

*La fonte discorrea pe'l mezzo d' un Prato
D' arbore antique e, e belle ombræ adorno
Ch' i viandanti co'l mormorio grato
Aber invita, e far seco soggiorno.*

That is,

A silver Stream

**Runs through the Field with shady Trees adorn'd,
And by its gentle murmurs seems to invite
The Passengers to drink, and stay all night.**

*Quel roco suon, chi suor discioglie
Il mormorante strepitoso Rivo.*

That is,

The hoarse Sound of the rapid River.

*Il mormorio del Acque,
Chi da'l collo vicin, di sasso in sasso,
A scherzar cala, placidetta, e fresca. Imper.*

That is,

**The murmuring Noise of the cold pleasant Stream,
Sporting and leaping from one Stone to another,**

*Chiari Rivi mormorando intorno
Sempre l'erbe vi fan tenere, e nove,
E rendea ad Auscultator dolce concerto,
Rotto tra picciol sassi il correr lento. Ariosto.*

That is,

**Clear murmuring Rivers pass,
Filling the Vale with Flowers, Herbs and Grass,
And to the Travellers, sweet Music make,
When they ride Post, over the rattling Pebbles:**

*Rive correnti di fontane vive,
A'l caldo tempo, giu per l'erbe fresche. Petr.*

That is,

**Rivers descending from perpetual Springs
Ith' Heat o'th Year refresh the scorched Grass.**

*Il murmurar di liquidi Cristalli,
Giu per lucidi, fresci, rivi, e snelli. Petr.*

That is,

**The murmuring Sound the liquid Crystal makes
When it runs swiftly in cold lucid Streams:**

*Da'l cavo sen d' inaccessibil rupi.
Trabeccar un Rio, ne la profonda Valle
E cresciuto in torrente, infra quei sassi
Mover con roco suon tumidi i passi. Gratianni.*

That

That is,

To see a small Stream, from a hollow Rock
Grown to a furious Torrent in the Vale,
Move proudly, murmuring at every step.

*Scorrea del verde prato, al lato manco,
Un lompido Ruscell, che dolce invita
Con l' acque pure, in su l' estiva rabbia
Facea de i Viandanti al arse Labbia.*

That is,

Through the Green Field a River runs,
And courteously all Travellers invites
To drink its Waters, wholesome, cool, and clear,
And quench their Thirst in the great heat o'th' Year.

² *Neptunum procul à terris spectare furem.* Hor.

That is

Safe upon Land to see the raging Sea.

*Jactantibus æquora ventis,
E terra, magnum alterius spectare Laborem
Tua sine parte pericli.
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas quid cernere suave est.* Lucr.

That is,

To him that's safe, 'tis pleasant to behold
Seamen in Storms, labouring to save their Lives,
Not that anothers Misery affords Pleasure,
The Pleasure comes from this, that we are safe.

IV.

With Horace and ¹Petrarch, and Two or Three more
Of the best Wits that reign'd in the Ages before.
With ²roast Mutton, rather than Venison or Teal,
And clean, tho' coarse Linnen at every Meal.
Way I govern, &c.

¹ A famous *Italian* Poet, who flourished in the Thirteenth Century, he was one of the first restorers of Learning. The Author of this *Wish* has begun to write his Life, and designs (God willing) in a short time to publish it.

² Simple and parable Meat.

Parabilem amo venerem. Hor.

That is,

My delight is in things easily procur'd.

*Accipe nunc victus tenuis quæ quantaq; secum
Afferat, imprimis valeas bene, nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius escæ
Quæ simplex olim tibi sederit, ut simul assis
Miscueris Blixa, simul conchyliæ Turdis,
Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoq; tumultum
Lenta feret pituita, vides ut pallidus omnis
Cæna desurgat dubia, quin corpus onustum
Hosternii vitiiis, animam quoq; prægravat una,
Atq; affigit humi Divinæ particulam Auræ.*

Which may be thus Translated.

Learn the Effects of spare and simple Diet,
First it preserves thy Health, which various Meats
Destroy, you'll grant this when you call to mind
How easily you digested *Oxford* Commons.
If you mix boyl'd, roast, fry'd, and flesh with fish,
Sweet things turn Choler, and Flegm loads the Stomach.

Behold

Behold how pale, how sickly they appear
 Who spend their Nights in Feasts, their Days in Sleep,
 But that's not all, the worst is yet behind,
 Their diseas'd Bodies influence the Mind.
 And nail to th' ground that Particle of Jove.

*Pago il cor di poco, il suo ben crede
 Pascer su parca ma pulita mensa
 Più di piacer che vivande il corpo
 In vece de più lauti e più chiari Cibi,
 Onde s' aggrava il nauseato Gusto,
 E onde ohime la Vita altrui si accorcia. Imper.*

That is,

He with content at his own Table sits
 Serv'd with clean Linnen and with common Meat,
 Eating no more than what suffices Nature,
 And thence with Appetite rises to his Studies
 Taking more care to feed his Soul, than Body,
 Variety he shuns and new-found Dishes,
 Which bring their Thousands to untimely Death.

*Ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
 Corruget naves, ne non & Cantbarus & Lanx
 Ostendat tibi te. Hor.*

Lest the foul Table-cloth and dirty Napkins
 Should make you loath your meat.
 Lest you should see your Face ith' greasy Plates.

Et mundus victus non deficiente crumena. Id.

That is,

Clean Diet and some Money in my Purse.
*Mundeq; parvo sub lare pauperum
 Cens. Hor.*

That is,

And cleanly Suppers in a homely Cottage;
Pauperies immunda domus procul abst, ego utrum. Hor.

Nave ferar magna an parva ferar unus & idem. Hor.

That is,

From *unclean* Poverties attacks secur'd,
Twill be all one to me to make the Port
In a small Wherry or a first-rate Ship.

V.

With a ¹ Pudding on Sundays, with stout humming Liquor,
And Remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar,
With ² Monte-Fiascone or ³ Burgundy Wine
To drink the ⁴ Kings Health as oft as I dine.

¹ Tho the Poet never eats any, he provides this Dish for his Guest, but principally in observance of the old *English* Custom, to let no *Sunday* pass without a Pudding. From this, and many passages before, it is evident that he is a very superstitious Fellow.

² A Town in *Tuscany* celebrated for good Wine, and the Epitaf of a *Dutch* Man buried there; all the Books which treat of Travelling through *Italy* relate the story at large. But since it may be new to some who shall read this, I will set it down in few words; A *Dutch* Traveller with his Servant lighted at the Inn which lies out of the Town, and thence sent his Servant into it to find the best Wine, ordering him to write *Est* upon the door of the House wherein he found good Wine; where he found better, *Est, Est*; where the best, *Est, Est, Est*: The Servant obeyed his Commands punctually. The Master follows, and finds the Tavern bearing this last Inscription, and drank so much, that it cast him into a Fever, whereof he died. His Servant buried him in the Church, engraving upon his Tomb-stone this Epitaf, which is still to be seen there.

Est, Est, Est.

Propter nimium Est,

Jo de Fuc. D. meus mortuum est.

That is,

Here lies my Master, due East and West,
By taking too much, of *Est, Est, Est*.

³ *Beauln*, A Town in the Dukedom of *Burgundy*, famous for a magnificent Hospital, and the excellency of its Wines, which are incomparably the best in *France*, if not in the World.

Experto crede Roberto. i. e. I do not speak this by hear-say.

⁴ So *Horace* writing to *Augustus*.

*Hinc ad vina redit letus & alteris
Te mensis adhibet Deum.
Te multa prece, te prosequitur mero.
Diffuso Pateris, & laribus tuum
Miscet nomen, ut Græcia Castoris
Et magni memor Herculis.
Longas ô utinam Rex bone ferias
Præstes Hesperiae, dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus Uvidi
Cum nox Oceano subest.*

This may be thus Parafrased.

When second Course comes in,
Then we begin

To bless the Gods and thee, mingling your Names,
With many Prayers, and Glasses fill'd with Wine
We drink your Health, crying, King live for ever.
Not *Hercules*, nor *Castor* ever found
Such Love in *Greece*, as thou in *English* ground,
For the Worlds good, may Heavens preserve thee long.
This is our sober, and our drunken Song.
Our first i'th' Morning, and last Prayer at Night.]

VI.

May my Wine be Vermillion, may my Salt-drink be pale,
In neither extrem, or too mild or too stale.
In lieu of Deserts, Antiholisme and Dear,
Let ' Lodi or Parmisan bring up the Rear.]
May I govern, &c.

¹ *Lans Pompei*, a wonderful fertil Town in the Dutchy of *Millan*, whose Cheese is of greater Fame, than *Parmisan*.

VII.

VII.

Not 'Tory, or Whig, Observer or Criminer
 May I be, nor against the Laws torrent a Swimmer.
 May I mind what I speak, what I write, and bear read,
 But with matters of State ne'er trouble my Head.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ Those odious Names of Distinction, kindled great Animosity, and Strangeness, and even Hatred, betwixt Friends and Relations, which are not (I fear) yet thoroughly extinguished.

VIII.

Let the Gods who dispose of every Kings Crown,
 Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down.
 He pay the whole Shilling impos'd on my Head,
 Tho I go without 'Claret that Right to my Bed.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ If that should happen, it would be a shrewd Affliction to the Poet.

IX.

I'll bleed without grumbling, tho' that Tax should appear
 As oft as New Moons, or Weeks in a Year,
 For why should I let a seditious Word fall?
² Since my Lands in ³ Utopia pay nothing at all.
 May I govern, &c.

² A Poll Bill. ² A good Encouragement to pay for his Head, &c.

³ A Place in *Jupiter*, or the *Moon*, or some other of the *Planets*, for it is not to be found in the Map of the World.

X.

Tho' I hate not for Riches, may I not be so poor,
 That the Rich without Shame cannot enter my Door,
¹ May they court my converse, may they take much delight,
 My ² old Stories to hear in a Winters long Night.
 May I govern, &c.

¹ *Pauperemque dives me petet.*

² *Aniles ex re fabellas,* Hor.

That

That is,
Let the Rich look after me.
Old Stories aptly applied.

XI.

My small flock of Wit may I not misapply,
To flatter great men be they never so high.
Nor mispend the few Moments I steal from the Grave,
In fawning, or cringing, like a Dog or a Slave.
May I govern, &c.

³ *Quel poco viver che m' avanza.* Petr.

That is,

The small remainder of my Life.

XII.

May none whom I love, to so great Riches rise
As to slight their Acquaintance, and their old Friends despise.
So Low, or so High, may none of them be,
As to move either Pity, or Envy in me.
May I govern, &c.

¹ *No de Dios tanto bien a nuestros Amigos que nos desconoscamos.*

A Spanish Proverb, In English thus,

Let not God make our Friends so rich as to forget us.

XIII.

A Friendship I wish for, but alas tis in vain,
Joves Store-house is empty and can't it supply,
So firm, that no change of Times, Envy, or Gain,
Or Flattery, or Woman, should have Power to untie.
May I govern, &c.

XIV.

But if Friends prove unfaithful, and Fortune a Whore,
Still may I be virtuous, though I am Poor.

My Life then, as useless, may I freely resign,
 When no longer I relish, true Wit, and good Wine.
 May I govern, &c.

*Fortuna saevo læta negocio,
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.
 Transmutat incertos honores
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna. Hor.
 Laudo manentem, si celeres quatit
 Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, & mea
 Virtute me involvo. Hor.*

*Hinc apicem rapax
 Fortuna cum stridore acuto
 Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet. Hor.*

Something to this purpose.

Fortune delights to play her cruel Game,
 And, as the wind, is never long the same,
 But to change Favorites always inclin'd,
 Sometimes to me, sometimes to thee she's kind.
*When thou thinkest thou hast her as sure as a Gun
 She'll up with her Scur, and away she'll run.*
 I am well pleas'd while she vouchsafes to stay,
 But if she claps her wings, and scuds away,
 What I've receiv'd, I patiently lay down,
 And wrap my self in my own Vertue's Gown.
 Fortune fly's wantonly about the World,
 And changes Crowns and Kingdoms every day.

XV.

To out live my ¹ Senses may it not be my Fate,
 To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all,
 But rather let Death come before 'tis so late,
 And while there's some Sap in it, may my Tree fall.
 May I govern, &c.

³ May I not lose my Sight, my Hearing, and my Memory, and be
 a Burden to my Friends, and my self, *Ἐρωτιον ἀχρεῖα ἀπέρας. Tellu-*
ris inutile Pondus, a dead unuseful Burden to the Ground.

' In the Morning, when sober, in the Evening, when mellow;
 Pr's gone, and left not behind him his fellow.
 May I govern, &c.

'Dicimus integro

Sicci mane die, dicimus Uuidi,

Cum nox Oceano subest.

These Verses are Translated before.

S' io vissi in guerra, e in tempesta,

Morai in pace, e in porto, e se la Stanza

Fu vana, almen sia la partita honesta. Petr.

That is,

Tho I have liv'd in War, and in a Storm,

Oh may I dy in Peace, and in a Port

The the first Parts I acted on Life's Stage

Were vain, may my last Exit make amends.

XVII.

Without any Noise when I've pass'd the Stage,

And decern'dly ask'd what part? Fortune reply,

And ask'd my self in a school of woe,

May a frail mortal Willows for me know my Fate,

May I govern, &c.

'Secretum iter & fallaxis summa vita. Hor.

Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensq; yfellit. Idem.

That is,

He Happy is who liv'd and died unknown.

Quem delectat per sam Fortuna peregi. Virgil.

That is,

I've run the Race by Fortune me assign'd.

*My Garments of Flesh, wherein I acted my Part on the Stage of
 the World, when the Fable is done, and the Curtain drawn.*

Al per gin di questa Spoglia. Petr.

Lasciando in terra le squarciate vesti.

That is,

*When I put off my tattered Rags,
And leave them here behind me on the Earth.*

XX

Quando de terreno

*Carcere uscendo, lasciarò in sporcizia
Questa mia gonna, e questa mortal Gonna. Petr.*

*When I'm releas'd out of this Mortal Prison,
Leaving my heavy, frail, and mortal Gown.*

Che per alto destin mi viene in sorte. Id.

That is,

That Veil that Heavens appointed me to wear.

*precor integra
Cum mente nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

That is,

In a chearful Old Age, and my Senses entire,

VIII:

*I care not whether under a Turf, or a Stone,
With any Inscription upon it, or none.
If a Thousand Years hence, Here lies M. P.
Shall be read on my Tomb, what is it to me?
May I govern, &c.*

The Poet Presumes he shall have a very short and modest Epitaf
if any, only the Two First Letters of his Name.

And leave them here behind me on the Earth
 Whither and sit upon the burning heap
 If the Romans or Grecians speak of me

Let one thing I add, for the sake of these few
who in reading these lines any pleasure shall take,
may I leave a good Fame, and a sweet smelling Name.
Adieu. betwixt an End of my ~~unhappy~~ I make.

Say I govern, my Passion with an absolute Sway,
 And grow wilder, and Better, as my Strength wears away,
 Without Gout, or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

Contentus paucis Lectoribus. i. e. I design not to be read by many, nor cover the applause of the *Populus.* *Quid post Mortem?* *Quid sit*
virtus. Mart. i. e. Fame comes too late when it comes after Death.
Though Fame will not concern me after I am Dead, yet I wish for it,
because it will be a Pleasure to my surviving Friends. *Si quis superesse*
voluit Dii. Hor. i. e. If I do not (which has happened to many Old
Men) out-live all my Friends.

.iiiV

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library, only the two first leaves of his Name

